把电影里的勇气借回家

老师们、同学们：大家好！今天我演讲的题目是《把电影里的勇气借回家》。

我是一个特别胆小的孩子。上课从不敢举手，被老师点到名字，声音小得像蚊子哼。改变我的，是一次观影经历。去年儿童节，爸爸带我去看《摔跤吧！爸爸》。银幕上，那个叫吉塔的女孩，一开始也被人笑话：女孩子摔跤，像什么样子。可她的爸爸对她说：你的对手不只是那些男孩，是所有看不起你的人。决赛最后五分半，吉塔一个人站在垫子上，全场几万人都在吼，她咬紧牙，一个背摔，把两米高的对手翻了过去！裁判举起她的手，我在座位上跳了起来，掌声拍得手掌都红了。

那天回家的路上，我问爸爸：吉塔胆子那么大，她是不是从来不害怕？爸爸摇摇头说：她也怕，你看她决赛前手也在抖。电影教给我们的，从来不是不害怕，而是害怕着还往前站。

这句话像一把钥匙，咔哒一声，打开了我心里那把锁。原来勇气不是天生的，是可以借的——向银幕借！吉塔手抖着也要出招，我举手时心怦怦跳，又有什么关系？第二个星期，我把手举起来了，虽然举得歪歪扭扭，老师还是点了我。我的声音还是小，可全班都听见了。那一刻我觉得，吉塔在银幕那头朝我点头。

所以，同学们，我要向大家发出倡议。第一，去看一部让你攥拳头的电影，把那个最勇敢的画面记在心里；第二，把电影里的勇气借回家用一次：课堂上举一次手，运动会上报一个项目，或者对欺负人的事大声说不；第三，把这份勇气传下去，讲给好朋友听，约他一起看，一起借，一起变勇敢。一个人借是微光，全班一起借，就是火把！

同学们，银幕上的英雄不会走进我们的教室，可他们身上的光，能穿过每一块银幕，落在我们肩上。让我们都做个会借勇气的人：向吉塔借，向哪吒借，向每一部好电影借。借来的勇气，用一次就长在自己身上了，再也还不回去了！

我的演讲到此结束，谢谢大家！

Borrow the Courage From the Film Home With You

Teachers, classmates: hello everyone! Today my speech is titled Borrow the Courage From the Film Home With You.

I am an extremely timid child. I never dare raise my hand in class, and when the teacher calls my name my voice comes out no louder than a mosquito's hum. What changed me was one trip to the cinema. Last Children's Day, my father took me to see Dangal. On the screen, a girl named Geeta was mocked at the beginning too: a girl wrestling, what an improper sight. But her father said to her: your opponents are not only those boys, but everyone who looks down on you. In the last five and a half seconds of the final, Geeta stood alone on the mat while tens of thousands roared around her. She set her teeth, executed a back throw, and flipped an opponent taller than her over! The referee raised her arm, and I jumped up in my seat, clapping until

my palms turned red.

On the way home that day I asked my father: Geeta is so brave, did she never feel afraid? My father shook his head and said: she was afraid too; look, her hands were trembling before the final too. What a film teaches us was never about not being afraid, but about standing forward while afraid.

That sentence was like a key turning with a click in the lock inside my chest. So courage is not inborn; it can be borrowed, borrowed from the screen! Geeta threw her move with trembling hands, so what does it matter if my heart pounds when I raise my hand? In the second week I lifted my hand, crooked and shaky as it was, and the teacher still called on me. My voice was still small, but the whole class heard it. In that moment I felt Geeta nodding at me from the other side of the screen.

So classmates, here is my proposal to all of you. First, go see a film that makes you clench your fists, and keep its bravest picture in your heart. Second, borrow the courage from the film and use it once at home or at school: raise your hand once in class, sign up for one event at the sports meet, or say a loud no to someone who bullies. Third, pass this courage on: tell it to your best friend, invite him to watch together, borrow together, grow brave together. One borrowed light is a flicker; a whole class borrowing together is a torch!

Classmates, the heroes on the screen will never walk into our classroom, but the light on their shoulders can pass through every screen and land on ours. Let us all be people who know how to borrow courage: borrow from Geeta, borrow from Ne Zha, borrow from every good film. Borrowed courage, used once, grows onto your own body, and it can never be returned!

That ends my speech. Thank you all!